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carnage™

MARVEL

LIMITED SERIES

2 OF 5

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carnage

PREVIOUSLY...

It all began with an assault on an armored car. When a monstrous version of Spider-Man attacked the vehicle for no apparent reason, Tony Stark was attending a demonstration of businessman Michael Hall's revolutionary new prosthetic technology nearby. Witnessing the attack, Tony changed into his alter ego Iron Man…and called in his fellow Avenger Spider-Man to help deal with his doppelganger.

Unbeknownst to the heroes, the armored car was transporting someone beloved to the Spider-Doppelganger…the former super villainess known as Shriek. Shriek and the Doppelganger were once part of a surrogate psycho-family led by the brutal and deranged killer Carnage – a ruthless serial killer bonded to a symbiotic alien entity. Carnage was later killed when the super hero Sentry flew him into space and tore him bodily in two.

Trailing the transport was Shriek's psychiatrist, Dr. Tanis Nieves. When two armored security agents flew in to halt the attack on the transport, Dr. Nieves rushed to guard her patient; one of the armored agents accidentally shot her with an energy blast, severing her arm.

With the threat otherwise neutralized, Shriek was delivered to her destination – a secret laboratory, where her unique super-powers would be used to "feed" a living specimen…the Carnage symbiote!

Eight Months Ago.

WHAT'S THE HOLDUP, DAVIDSON?

UH, DID ANYONE CHECK THE COURSE CORRECTION AGAINST THE S.B.S.S. REPORT?

SPACE-BASED SPACE SURVEILLANCE--ED.

THIS TRAJECTORY WILL TAKE OUR SATELLITE RIGHT INTO A FAIRLY LARGE PIECE OF SPACE JUNK.

JUST MAKE THE CORRECTION.

I-I CAN'T. IF IT'S DAMAGED, A QUARTER OF OUR MARKETS ARE GOING TO MISS THE ***SUPER BOWL.*** WE DON'T HAVE AUTHORIZATION...

I'M GIVING YOU AUTHORIZATION.

WH-WHO ARE YOU?

I'M THE GUY WITH HIS NAME ON THE SATELLITE.

HALEY

NO!
NONO NONO!
HE'S COMING BACK! HE'S COMING BACK!
NO!
KEEP IT DOWN, SHRIEK!
TASER OR THE THORIZOL?
PFSH
ZZZARK
BOTH.
STOP IT!
DID I GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO ESCALATE HER THERAPY!?
NEW MANAGEMENT'S CHANGED PROTOCOL, DOCTOR NIEVES... FOR *SHRIEK* IN PARTICULAR.
SHE HAS A NAME, ORDERLY JENSON--AND I DON'T CARE WHO OWNS RAVENCROFT, THIS WING IS UNDER *MY* AUTHORITY.
SORRY, DOC, LIKE HE SAID... *MANAGEMENT.*
WHAT CAN YOU DO, RIGHT?
"YOU KNOW WHAT I DID."

Now.

I RAN AN ARMORED CAR OFF THE ROAD IN THE MIDDLE OF NEW YORK CITY BECAUSE THEY TRIED TO REASSIGN ONE OF MY PATIENTS.

I'M GUESSING THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE.

I'M SURPRISED IT TOOK YOU ***THREE WEEKS*** TO FIND ME.

YOU WERE TRANSFERRED TO A PRIVATE HOSPITAL ALMOST INSTANTLY. WHOEVER YOUR FRIENDS ARE, THEY'RE TAKING GOOD CARE OF YOU.

I CAN'T TALK ABOUT THAT.

DOCTOR NIEVES... WHATEVER WAS IN THAT TRUCK CAUSED HALF OF NEW YORK CITY TO GO STARK RAVING MAD AND BROUGHT MY SIX-ARMED DOPPELGANGER OUT OF HIDING.

I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU BECAUSE THE ONLY PERSON I KNOW WHO COULD DO THAT IS A WOMAN NAMED ***SHRIEK.*** IF SHE WAS YOUR PATIENT--

HER NAME IS FRANCES BARRISON. AND IF YOU KNOW WHAT SHE'S CAPABLE OF, THEN YOU KNOW I CAN'T BE CHARGED FOR WHAT I DID.

I...I KNOW THAT. LOOK, THAT'S NOT THE ONLY REASON I'M HERE. I WANT YOU TO KNOW HOW BAD I FEEL ABOUT YOUR INJURY.

IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT.

YOU LOST YOUR ARM WHILE I WAS FIGHTING ONE OF MY ENEMIES. I'M TAKING RESPONSIBILITY...

...IT'S KIND OF WHAT I DO...

AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I'VE TALKED TO TONY STARK--***IRON MAN***--AND HE'S OFFERED TO DESIGN YOU A PROSTHETIC...FREE OF CHARGE, OF COURSE.

HE'S...

HE'S TOO LATE.

THEY BEAT YOU TO IT.

WHO ARE "THEY"?!

...AND HOW DO I GET ON THE "THEY" HEALTH PLAN?

I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I WORKED FOR THEM. THEY BOUGHT RAVENCROFT WHILE I WAS EMPLOYED THERE AND TRANSFERRED MY CONTRACT.

THEY DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO ASK...TO PUT THIS THING ON.

AND I TAKE IT "*THEY*" DIDN'T ASK YOU BEFORE THEY TRANSFERRED A PATIENT WHO PROJECTS VIOLENCE--A ***WALKING RIOT***, BASICALLY--THROUGH THE STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY?

THEY WAITED UNTIL I TOOK A DAY OFF. I GOT A CALL FROM AN ORDERLY. I TRIED TO STOP THEM...

FRANCES IS A DAMAGED WOMAN. I WAS JUST MAKING PROGRESS WITH HER AFTER YEARS OF TREATMENT.

I...I COULDN'T LET THEM JUST USE HER FOR WHATEVER--

I'M RESPONSIBLE, YOU UNDERSTAND? I'M THE ONLY ONE THAT CAN HELP HER.

THAT'S THE REASON, OKAY? IT'S NOT THE MONEY OR THIS NEW ARM...

WAIT, REASON FOR WHAT?

THE REASON I WON'T TELL YOU WHO "*THEY*" ARE.

CEASE AND DESIST!

DOCTOR TANIS NIEVES IS UNDER A FEDERALLY BINDING CONTRACT THAT FORBIDS HER FROM TALKING TO SUPER-VIGILANTES OF ANY BREED, GENDER OR POWER SET.

THIS IS WHERE YOU FIND A WINDOW AND SWING YOUR ASS OUT OF IT.

DON'T BOTHER...

RRRING RRRING

DOCTOR...

IT'S THE ONLY WAY THEY'LL LET ME SEE HER. I'M SORRY...

I'M CALLING THE POLICE...

AVENGERS VOICE LINK, SECURED.

SPIDER-MAN, IT'S TONY...

I RAN THE NAMES OF THE TWO TECH-ADVANCED BODYGUARDS WE RAN INTO THROUGH THE AVENGERS DATABASE... THERE WAS NOTHING ON "FIREBRICK" AND "ROYAL BLUE."

WHOEVER OWNED THE ARMORED TRUCK YOUR DOPPELGANGER ATTACKED DEVELOPED AN ARMORED SECURITY DETAIL FROM SCRATCH...

AND HAD THE MEANS TO EXTRICATE THEM FROM ANY LEGAL ENTANGLEMENTS AFTER THEY MAIMED A BYSTANDER. ALL I HAD TO PROVE THEY EVEN EXISTED WAS A FEW STRANDS OF THE ORGANIC SUBSTANCE ROYAL BLUE USED AS NETTING.

MOST OF IT WAS "*DEAD*," BUT I WAS ABLE TO CENTRIFUGE AND PROPAGATE A SMALL MASS OF LIVING CELLS.

ANY GUESS WHAT IT REMINDS ME OF?

OH, DON'T... PLEASE DON'T SAY IT.

SHRIEK WAS BEING TRANSPORTED IN THE ARMORED VEHICLE, WHICH ALREADY BROUGHT DOPPELGANGER OUT OF THE WOODWORK.

IF YOU EVEN SUGGEST WE'RE DEALING WITH AN IMBIOTE-SAY, I'M SPINNING MYSELF A WEB-NOOSE.

HRRRSSS

WHA--?

THAT'S FUNNY...

I'M SERIOUS. IT'LL DISSOLVE IN AN HOUR SO NO ONE HAS TO KNOW I TOOK THE EASY WAY OUT.

I'M COUNTING ON YOU TO KEEP MY SECRET.

QUIET FOR A SECOND.

OKAY, SAY SOMETHING.

IT'S DOING SOMETHING WEIRD...

...ISN'T IT?

WELL, I HATE TO BREAK IT TO YOU, BUT THIS STUFF ***REALLY*** HATES THE SOUND OF YOUR VOICE.

WE'VE ATTACHED A FEW MORE N.D.A.S TO YOUR CONTRACT, DR. NIEVES...

BUT I THINK YOU'LL FIND MR. HALL'S OFFER GIVES YOU THE ACCESS TO YOUR PATIENT YOU DEMAND.

I CAN BE HONEST, I SUGGESTED YOU BE OFFERED HALF THE SALARY YOU GOT, BUT MR. HALL CAN BE GENEROUS TO A FAULT. YOU'LL LEARN THAT ABOUT--

DR. NIEVES?

ARE YOU OKAY?

SORRY, I'M FEELING A LITTLE STRANGE...

PROBABLY JUST THE PROSTHETIC.

THE BIOFEEDBACK CAN CAUSE HALLUCINATIONS. I'VE HEARD THEY TAKE SOME GETTING USED TO...

I'M SURE I'LL BE FINE.

WE SHOULD JUST INCINERATE IT NOW, TONY.

WE CAN'T DESTROY THE SPECIMEN UNTIL WE KNOW WHO CULTIVATED IT.

BUT THEN I GET TO INCINERATE IT, RIGHT?

I'M LETTING YOU HOLD THE BUTTON, AREN'T I?

BUT YOU WON'T LET ME *PUSH* IT...I WISH DR. NIEVES HAD BEEN MORE FORTHCOMING... THEN I'D GET TO *PUSH* IT.

I FORGOT TO ASK...HOW'S SHE DOING WITH HER INJURY?

SHE SEEMED FINE. WHOEVER OWNED THAT ARMORED CAR OUTFITTED HER WITH A PROSTHETIC.

WAIT, WHAT?

WHAT KIND OF PROSTHETIC?

I DON'T KNOW. I'D NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT. STATE OF THE ART.

DAMMIT, I KNOW WHO IT IS.

WAIT-- YOU'RE SURE?!

TRUST ME.

HA!

GUESS YOU WON'T MIND IF I GIVE THIS A LITTLE PUSH, THEN...

TEK

FWOOOOSH

Hall Industries R&D.

I NEED TO SEE HER NOW.

I'M AFRAID THAT ISN'T POSSIBLE, DR. NIEVES. HER SHIFT JUST STARTED.

I'M HER DOCTOR AND MY PATIENT IS TERRIFIED.

OUR IN-HOUSE SHRINKS SIGNED OFF ON THE WHOLE THING. SAID IT WAS GOOD FOR HER. CATHARTIC--

PLEASE DON'T TOUCH THE GLASS, DOC.

OH, SORRY... IT'S JUST...THAT THING ABOVE HER. WHAT IS IT?

THAT'S OUR EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL TEXTILE INVENTORY. APPARENTLY IT WAS RAISED ON A STEADY DIET OF HATRED AND AGGRESSION.

IT GOBBLES UP WHATEVER NEGATIVE EMOTION YOUR PATIENT PROJECTS AND CONVERTS IT INTO BIOMASS, WHICH WE SIPHON OFF TO MAKE OUR YIELD QUOTA.

INTERFERE WITH THAT AND SHE'LL JUST HAVE TO DOUBLE UP TOMORROW--

MA'AM, LIKE DOUG SAID, PLEASE TAKE YOUR HAND AWAY FROM THE GLASS.

THAT'S STRANGE. I THOUGHT I HAD...

YOUR PATIENT'S FINE, DOC. AND FROM WHAT I HEAR, SHE MAKES MORE THAN WE DO.

NOW, COME ON...I DON'T WANT TO BE A STICKLER BUT WE NEED YOU AWAY FROM THE GLASS.

I...I CAN'T...

NNH-- DOCTOR...

I...NGH... CAN'T!

5.6 Miles Away and Closing.

MICHAEL HALL DEMOED A PROSTHETIC LIMB AT THE NEW YORK MEDICAL EXPO THAT WAS A HUNDRED TIMES MORE ADVANCED THAN ANYTHING HE'D DONE BEFORE...AND WITH NOT ONE NEW PATENT FILED UNDER HIS COMPANY'S NAME. YOU KNOW THE ONLY TWO REASONS A BUSINESSMAN WOULDN'T PATENT AN INVENTION?

WHAT?! ARE YOU TALKING? SLOW DOWN! I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU'RE SAYING!

IF THE BUSINESSMAN HAD A MONOPOLY ON THE MEANS OF PRODUCTION...

...OR IF HE HADN'T FIGURED OUT EXACTLY WHAT HE HAD.

HOPE YOU'VE GOT A VOICE RECORDER IN THAT THING BECAUSE I MISSED ALL OF THAT.

I WAS SAYING OUR GUY IS MICHAEL HALL.

THE SOFTWARE/ HARDWARE/CABLE T.V. GUY?

EXACTLY. REMEMBER THE CODE NAMES HIS ARMORED GOONS USED? "FIREBRICK" AND "ROYAL BLUE"? THOSE AREN'T CODE NAMES, THEY'RE SOMETHING A MARKETING TEAM WOULD PICK OUT.

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

WE'RE NOT DEALING WITH TWO OF THESE GUYS...

"WE'RE DEALING WITH A PRODUCT LINE."

BIOMASS INFUSION COMPLETE. CHECK NERVE-CIRCUIT SYNC...

WIGGLE YOUR FINGERS AND TOES AND CALL OUT YOUR STATUS.

PARIS GREEN IS GO.

FIREBRICK IS GO.

ROYAL BLUE IS GO.

BURNT ORANGE IS GO.

GUN METAL IS GO.

DETACH AND STAND TALL, GENTLEMEN. WE'VE GOT TWO BOGEYS ON OUR PERIMETER AND WE'RE APPROVED FOR PUBLIC ROLLOUT.

WE KNOW THESE TWO. THEY ARE NOT FRIENDS OF THE COMPANY.

THEY ARE CURIOUS AND WE HAVE PERMISSION TO PROTECT MR. HALL'S INVESTMENT.

LET'S HAVE A SUCCESSFUL PRODUCT LAUNCH, PEOPLE.

I CAN'T MOVE MY ARM!

JOHN, HELP ME OUT HERE, I--

ACK--

LET HIM GO!

I'M NOT DOING IT! I--

GRGGLK!

GUH GUH GUH

OH MY GOD!

STOP!

ZZZT

HRK!

ZZZZZZ

IT'S NOT ME--

HELP! SOMEBODY--

--ACK!

WH-WHAT AM I--?

NO...

DON'T...

PLEASE... WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I COULD HAVE JUMPED OVER THE FENCE.

YEAH, WELL--

HALT!

YOU ARE TRESPASSING ON PRIVATE PROPERTY BELONGING TO HALLTECH AND ITS SUBSIDIARIES.

YOU HAVE NO JURISDICTION AND ARE REQUIRED BY LAW TO VACATE THE PREMISES IMMEDIATELY.

THWIP

DOES THIS COUNT?

I USED TO HAVE TECH LIKE THAT...

THEN MY DAD GOT A JOB.

SHHRRIP

WHA--?! I...?!

ARE YOU GOING TO LET HIM TALK TO ME LIKE THAT, TONY?

ENFORCING SAFE DISTANCE WITH SOLID LIGHT CONCUSSOR.

FSSH

STAND BACK, SON. THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU IN THAT SUIT YOU HURT A CIVILIAN. THESE THINGS AREN'T TOYS.

THEY'RE RIGHT, AREN'T THEY?

SHHH!

YOU ARE USING ALIEN TECHNOLOGY ON UNITED STATES SOIL. I HAVE FEDERAL AUTHORIZATION TO EXAMINE THE PREMISES.

WHAT?! HOW'D YOU GET THAT?!

SHHH!

THESE ARE PROTOTYPE EXOSKELETONS USING LAWFULLY ACQUIRED SPACE SALVAGE. THE UNITS ARE PROTECTED UNDER THE UNIFORM TRADE SECRETS ACT, AND AS A RESULT ANY DISPLAY OF POWER RESULTING FROM AN ESCALATION OF HOSTILITY WILL BE STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

THAT MEANS YOU WON'T EVEN BE ABLE TO TELL YOUR FRIENDS HOW BADLY WE KICK YOUR ASS...

IN THE EVENT OF AN ESCALATION, OF COURSE.

THAT HOT DOCTOR WHO LOST HER ARM? DIDN'T YOU HEAR, OLD MAN...?

"WE GAVE HER A BETTER ONE..."

BOOM

BOOM

SKR-TCHTT

OH, GOD...

BOOM

KRSSHH

KRSH

ZZZSHHH

HNNN!

GET IN THE GAME, BURNT ORANGE!

I NEED TO CALL ROCKET RACER AND APOLOGIZE FOR MAKING FUN OF HIS NAME...

DEFENSIVE BIO-NETWORKING IS LIVE.

I'M INITIATING COOPERATIVE OFFENSE.

COMPILING RESPONSE.

THAT GOT HIM.

GOTTA TRUST THE SUITS, MY MAN.

HOLD. WE'VE GOT A SITUATION IN THE PRODUCTION WING.

DUST OFF. NOW.

WHERE ARE THEY GOING?

I DON'T KNOW...

SSSSRRRAARR!

"...SOMETHING GOT THEIR ATTENTION."

CARNAGE PART TWO

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NEXT ISSUE:

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